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VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

No. 7.

INDIA.

TALKS WITH THE HEATHEN.

BY MRS. PARK.

WE have been out touring and living in tents for more than seven weeks, having made four encampments in that time. Our plan is to spend two or three weeks in each of the larger places of our field, and to visit the smaller villages as we have opportunity. When I want to meet the women, I take my servant with me, and go first among the poorer classes, who generally receive me gladly. No missionary lady has ever toured in this region; and people don't know what to make of it when I step up to their doors, and ask if there are any women at home, and if they would like to stop their work and listen to me a few minutes.

On arriving here, the other day, I started out to find the Mahars, — low-caste people. After climbing up to their huts, which were situated on a high hill, all by themselves, I came

upon a number of men sitting talking together. How they did stare at me ! I heard them inquiring of each other whether I was " a man, a woman, or what." The younger portion of the assembly were so amused at the novelty, that they could not keep their faces straight. I soon informed them that I had come to see the women, and have a talk with them. They looked very incredulous, and declared there were none at home : they had all gone to work in the fields. Just then, seeing one appear around a corner, I went up to her, and asked if there were any women in their houses. " No," said she, half frightened : " there is no one here at all." I tried to talk with her, and show her that she need not be afraid of me : but she insisted upon it that there was nobody there ; and I, knowing that it was the harvesting season, and everybody was very busy, thought, for a moment, I should have to retreat. But, while we had been talking, my servant had explained to the men what I had come for, and they called to me, saying that they would show me the place I wanted ; so, leading me in among the houses, they spread a coarse blanket on a stone step for me to sit on, and gathered the women around me. The whole company of men thought they must come, too, to hear what I had to say, and seated themselves on the ground all about.

I read to them from the twelfth chapter of Luke, of the rich man whose lands brought forth plentifully, explained the parable, and applied it : they listened most attentively, acknowledging the truth of what I had said. One woman shed tears while hearing of the sufferings of Christ.

Another day I went out among the tanners, and had a very pleasant audience, both of men and women. They received me kindly, and listened well. While I was talking, a Mussulman came up and stopped a while ; then said, —

" Had Jesus Christ, whom you tell of, a form ?"

I feared he was going to spoil all the good effect of what I had said ; but I answered, —

“He took upon him the form of a man, so as to suffer and die for us.”

“Well,” said he, “we worship that which has no form, the great God.”

“So do we,” I replied; “but if God should see fit to take the form of a man, in order to carry out such a plan of salvation as I have been speaking of, is there any thing to prevent his doing so?”

“No,” he answered.

“Well, then, isn’t it right he should do so, if he chooses? Is it at all lowering his character?”

“No,” said he; “it isn’t;” and after this he listened attentively to the end.

Towards the close, a Hindoo asked if we could see God with our eyes now.

“No,” I answered.

“Oh!” said he, “there must be some one who can see him. It isn’t possible that no one can see God.”

“There is a verse in our Bible,” I replied, “that says, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’ It is with the heart we can see God.”

I then went on to illustrate, that, if we wanted to hear any thing, we listened with our ears, not our eyes; if we wished to smell, we made use of our noses, not our eyes or ears; so, in order to know God, we must use our souls, not our eyes, ears, noses, or mouths.

The Mussulman, on hearing this, was very much pleased, and exclaimed, “Yes, yes, that is true: it is just so.”

After having had the conversation just related, I went on to find other listeners. Going from one alley to another for some distance, looking into court-yards, I saw, at last, two high-caste women, sitting on a door-step. I stopped, and asked them if they felt inclined to hear something about religion. They looked at me, and at each other, for a moment, and then

said, "Yes : come in." They told me to sit down, pointing to the bare ground in front of them, fearing to let me sit on the steps with them lest they should be defiled. I threw down my umbrella and sat on that, thankful for an opportunity to address this class of women. They wanted to know what I should charge for reading to them. I laughed, and said I didn't wish any thing ; and soon about ten or twelve of their neighbors, all Brahmins, assembled to see the novel sight of a foreign woman. One exclaimed, "I never saw one before." Others, after standing and gazing a while, said, "Why, it's a woman, isn't it?" I had a very pleasant talk with them ; and when I asked one of them, a Brahmin widow, if making pilgrimages to noted places, or bathing in the Ganges, could take away our sins and make us pure and holy, she exclaimed, with a look of contempt, "No, indeed ! bathing in the Ganges may make the body clean ; but that's all." They seemed never to have heard any thing about Christ, and listened with great interest. When I rose to go, one said, —

"Come again to-morrow : you have given us a little morsel, and you must feed us some more."

The next day I went again to the same place, but found that, in some way, — probably by their husbands, — the women had been prejudiced against me, and I was unable to obtain much of an audience.

The Mussulmans are very numerous in this region ; and they, as well as the Brahmins, are bitter enemies to our religion. They like what we say about God, but cannot endure to hear Christ spoken of as God, and as a Saviour from sin. Sometimes I am told to "go off," in a very peremptory manner ; or greeted with, "We don't want to hear any of your talk. Go off." I often leave them with a heavy heart ; but we know that the Spirit of the Lord can work in spite of all obstacles.

WHO WILL HELP THEM?

BY MRS. DEAN.

DEAR READERS of "LIFE AND LIGHT," — Although I am not now in India, and able to write you directly from among missionary scenes, yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of using my pen to help keep up your interest in the work among the heathen.

My sister, who has lately gone to India for her health, is residing in Poona. That field is occupied by the English and Scotch missionaries; but there is enough work for others who feel inclined to do good. Although unable to enter wholly into missionary work, my sister writes that she has been accustomed to go once a week, to read to a company who always welcome her. Extracts from her letters may interest you, and also show you that the work in India moves slowly for want of laborers, and not because the women are unwilling to be taught.

Under date of Dec. 30, she says, "I went into the city this morning at eleven o'clock, and had a very pleasant visit. More women than usual were there to listen. I had such a severe cold that I could not talk or read much; but I asked one of the girls to read for me, and Lukubai talked with them.

"*Jan. 2.* — I went into the city again to-day, as the women asked me to come oftener than once a week. I cannot go much longer, as we expect to leave for M—— on the tenth of the month.

"*Jan. 6.* — I went for the last time into the city. I had about twenty women to listen to me. They all appeared sorry that it was my last visit, giving me garlands of flowers and all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats. I spoke very seriously to some of them, and they seemed deeply interested. I wish I could be the means of doing them good. They promised to write to me; for some of them can write."

Let us continue to hold up the hands of all those who are endeavoring to teach the degraded ones. Many of us feel a strong love for the work among the heathen; and the more we do for it, the nearer it will be to our hearts. Why do all the missionaries say, with one voice, "This is a blessed work"? It is because their time, energies, influence, example, patience, anxiety, and prayers are given to it. The more they do, the more they want to do.

Sisters, try it! Attend more promptly the missionary meetings. Pray more earnestly for the cause. Read, and interest others in reading, missionary papers. If your donations have fallen short of self-denial, give more next time. Do not look upon the work as belonging to the people at the Missionary House and those in the field, but take it to your hearts; love and cherish it. As the result, *your* energies, anxieties, and prayers will be enlisted, fountains of love and pity will flow spontaneously from your hearts, and then this great cause will move on more easily and rapidly to the time when the Son of man "shall see and be satisfied."

THE PRAYER OF PENITENCE.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

REBECCA, the change of whose name is mentioned in the "Life and Light" for December, 1870, had fallen into the temptation of a quarrel. I had wanted much to see her, but had not made up my mind how to talk to her. When she came from her village to spend a sabbath here, I felt that Jesus had led her, and remembered that he was ever patient, gentle, and winning. I told her that she had strayed far away from Him who had done all he could for her in sending her here to receive the Bible into her own hands; and I tried to show her how true and faithful and ever-present he is.

She seemed completely melted, and her prayer greatly com-

forted me. She certainly knows the way to the mercy-seat. She repeated the story of the cross to her risen Lord, mentioned all the "beatings and spittings and mockings," and then, in a sob of conscious guilt, she added, "O thou great, patient Saviour ! thou didst bear the whole without a word ; while I, a poor sinner, at the first blow lost all my patience, and did not even remember that thou wast beaten for me, a poor, angry sinner."

She said she had no father and no mother to whom to tell her troubles, no brother nor sister ; and in all Oriental lands the mother-in-law is not the person to whom to confide one's griefs. "If I could learn to think of Jesus as near, it would help me to control my temper and to be peaceful."

Jesus will lead her on, and save her at last. So we hope ; and with this hope we pray for her and guide her.

CHINA.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

BY MISS M. E. ANDREWS.

WITHIN a few weeks, my heart has been encouraged by some little signs of interest, and new openings for work outside. About a week ago, a pleasant-appearing young woman came here, bringing a bright little girl, five or six years old, whom she wished to have learn to read ; saying, also, she would like to learn herself. I told her I should be very glad to teach them at their own house, and offered to go that day, if she would lead me. She assented cordially, and I went home with her. I have been in the same neighborhood before : indeed, in that very yard, a year or two ago, there were several learning to read, and seeming anxious to hear the truth. But the interest died away : the women grew tired of reading when they found it

did not relieve their poverty, or bring them any earthly good. Now they have almost all gone elsewhere ; and this is a new family, lately moved from a distant place. The mother and little daughter commenced studying that day ; and I had a pleasant talk with the woman about the true God, who had cared for her through all these years, when she did not know him, dwelling especially on our obligation to love and obey him, and the folly and sin of worshipping idols.

The result of that first visit was, that she talked with her husband of what she had heard ; and they took down their “kitchen god,” and burned it, — as she says. Certainly it is not in its old place. Saturday I went to see her again ; and on the sabbath she attended the services all day, and appeared much interested in what she heard, particularly about Jesus, and the way of salvation through him. She says her husband wishes her to know how to read, and they intend to worship the true God hereafter.

This is the bright side of the picture : it has its shade. The man is a tailor by trade ; and they are very poor, and the woman has twice already asked me for work. I could only tell her that we had none to give her ; and now I wait, prayerfully, hopefully, fearfully, to know if this seeking is indeed after the truth, or after the “loaves and fishes.” That old story of the Saviour’s time is repeated again and again here ; and we come to feel more and more, how only the almighty power of God can change the utterly false and covetous hearts of these people. Even the destroying of the idol god may mean very little. I have found by experience how easy it is for them to set up a new god, if the casting down of the old one fails to bring them the earthly advantage they expected. Pray for this poor woman, that it may not be with her as it has been with so many whom I have already taught in Tungehow, who have been interested for a few days or weeks, have learned to read a little, have gained a partial knowledge of the truth, and then have cast it all aside as of

no importance. It is true that multitudes are ready to listen to us, thronging about us at every new place we visit; but, as yet, most of them receive the story of salvation and a Saviour's love as an idle tale, or a pleasant song, very good to hear, but nothing to them. Ready enough they are, usually, to acknowledge that they are sinners; that they cannot save themselves; but they say it, often, with a laugh and a careless air, that tells plainly how ignorant they are of the true nature of their guilt.

Sad and discouraging as this is, I do not feel that we are working in vain, — that it is useless, all this scattering of seed: I know it cannot be. There must be a harvest sometime, when God's Spirit comes with power. Will the dear sisters, while pleading for his speedy coming, ask that we who are laboring may be strong in faith to wait, as well as work, for the Master?

THE SILVER LINING.

BY MRS. L. E. HARTWELL.

I WOULD like to tell you of an item of interest which occurred yesterday, the sabbath, at our station in Foochow City. A woman over sixty years old, who has been mentioned as the "Glasses Woman," from her large spectacles, and who, some time ago, taught several others to read the Scriptures, brought twenty cash, as her monthly pledged contribution to the church. It was very pleasant indeed to us, as it showed her determination to cast in her lot with the people of the Lord. She is very poor, and lives with her son, whose wife is very unkind to her, but whom she has nursed through a long sickness, and taken care of her two little children with great tenderness. Her thin face showed that her gift was not small for her. As she counted out the cash, she said, "I am happy to give this, though it is a small amount."

Another poor woman, who is blind, was admitted to the church here at the last communion. She is also supported by an only son, who earns his living by drawing water, and car-

rying it to customers for a few cash a load. In times of drougt, she has been with him at night, to get water, dipping it up little by little as it came into the wells, thus trying to help him; since by morning light so many people gathered around, the supply was soon exhausted. The woman's admission to the church was delayed a while, fearing her motive in wishing to join might be to obtain relief from her poverty. For some time now, however, she has given thirty cash a month towards the helper's salary; which is far better for her than that she should be helped that amount by the church.

Two others desire to come into our fold; and we feel there is constant work for us, though the times are adverse. The Lord has his individual ones for us to care for, and we desire in patience to labor on.

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MISS POWERS.

WRITING from Antioch, under date of April 5, Miss Powers thus pictures the effects of the recent earthquake in that city, which occurred just before the time appointed for her school examination.

“Wednesday morning, about eight o'clock, while on our knees during devotions, the house was shaken by an earthquake. In the midst of a shower of plaster, glass, books, and ornaments, we made our way down into the yard, which we found full of men who had fled hither from the street, some with wounds, and all terribly frightened; while the school-girls were huddled together crying. Soon some of us went up stairs to ascertain the extent of the damage, and were thankful that the walls and roof seemed sound, though the plaster was cracked in every direction. The stove in my father's study was lying on its side; many books were thrown on the floor, and the clock had leaped five

feet into a chair; and, though the face rested on the arm of the chair, it was unbroken. Our house being very high, we thought it would feel the shock more than others; so that we could hardly credit, at first, the fearful accounts that reached us of the destruction of the city. About noon some of the gentlemen went down to the river, and found that that part of the city had suffered more than this; but everywhere the streets were blocked with the fallen walls, and they saw about fifteen persons dead or dying. The reports state that the Greek quarter has undergone such a demolition, that it is difficult to distinguish between the street and the sites of houses. Four children, out of the twenty-eight or thirty in our little Protestant community, were killed, and several adults and children were taken out of the ruins with slight injuries.

“In the afternoon I went to see one of the afflicted families, and found the people sitting on the heap of *débris* in front of what a few hours before had been their comfortable home, grieving over the loss of a little boy about ten years old. The street was full of houseless mourners, and it was heart-rending to hear their wailing for the missing and the dead. Although all the houses in this quarter are not actually fallen, yet none are considered safe. After my dangerous walk over heaps of stones and timber, and between tottering walls, — I could not but wonder if I were treading on the tomb of some poor fellow-creature, — I looked with astonishment and gratitude at our own home, which had apparently escaped any serious injury. It was an appalling thought, that my girls might have been buried out of my sight in that fearful manner. Slight shocks occurred through the day and night, and, indeed, have continued to the present time; but we hope the Lord will mercifully spare us another like the first.

“The next day, yesterday, we had a quiet examination, if one can be called so which is preceded and followed by earthquakes, so that the ear is strained every moment to catch the

first warning sound of coming danger: the pastor's family and school-teacher attended as spectators, besides ourselves. It was held in the tent occupied by the school-girls, as it was considered safer than the house; and we hung one map on the tent-pole, and pinned another on the side. The girls did better than I expected, after the fearful day and night we had passed through. All but one of the boarders left this morning. Dear girls! I love them too well not to feel a deep and constant anxiety on their account.

"May the Lord preserve us all from calamity, or at least prepare us for it, and take us safely home at last!"

LETTER FROM MISS PARMELEE.

WE are indebted to our auxiliary in Portland, Me., for the graphic letter from the pen of Miss Parmelee, of Mardin, which is given below:—

"Let me tell you of a most interesting tour of ten days in the region of Diarbekir. Our going was very sudden and unexpected. Mr. Andrus received a telegram summoning him to Diarbekir on important financial business; and as he was to be detained there several days, I determined to improve the opportunity to visit some of our pupils, and other helpers in that vicinity. We made what hasty preparations were needed, and by half-past ten the next morning we were in our saddles. Our horses were fresh, so that our day's journey of twenty-four miles was easily accomplished in seven hours; and at dusk we rode into Upper Khanike, a little Koordish village, half-way between Mardin and Diarbekir.

"I had never staid at the khan before; but, as Mr. Andrus assured me the place was a very good one, I followed him hopefully up to the low door, picking my way carefully through the mud and filth of the court. When candles were brought in, and I had looked around, I did not contradict my brother's statement, but remembered that whether or not a

thing is very good depends altogether upon that with which it is compared. The long, low room was divided into two parts by the middle door of entrance ; and we were so fortunate as to have one end to ourselves. There was no furniture of any kind when we entered ; but we spread our rugs on the mud floor, one each side of the smoky fireplace, put our little wool beds on these, and, after divesting ourselves of soiled shoes and skirts, proceeded to rest in the most approved native style, while our faithful Yacob busied himself preparing us a hot supper. Two or three rather superior looking Koordish women came in, and looked at us a little while : but, as my English and Arabic was as unintelligible to them as their strange tongue was to me, conversation could not be very interesting ; and, having satisfied their curiosity as to my clothes and general appearance, they departed. After a little chat in the evening, over a cheerful fire, chiefly upon such tropics as, ‘ Who hath made us to differ ? ’ we lay down for the night. Slowly the fire died out in the fireplace ; the many people in other parts of the room became quiet. Yacob’s heavy breathing a few feet away removed all feeling of loneliness, and yet I could not fall asleep. The smoke, or the impure air of the close room, or my hard pillow, or perhaps all together, kept me awake till after midnight. The monotony of the long hours was somewhat relieved, however, by driving off stray cats, or by picking up the leaves and bits of clay which fell upon my face from the roof above.

“ By sunrise the next morning we were again on our way ; and I keenly enjoyed the ten hours over hills and plains, which were required to bring us to Diarbekir. We are especially interested in the Arabic-speaking villages in that vicinity ; and my first visit was to Kutterbul, which is just across the Tigris from the city. On the way to the ferry, I was surprised to hear the clear tones of a small church-bell coming softly over the water ; the first time, I think, that I have heard such a sound since I have been in this part of Turkey. My horse, too, appeared

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very much startled ; but, if he and I are spared to do missionary work together many more years, I hope we shall hear such sweet reminders of sacred things in many places. We found our Fareeda waiting for us at the door of the pastor's house, with a very warm welcome ; and, the pastor's wife being very busy with a sick child, after the first salutations we had a long evening to ourselves, to talk over what she had been trying to do the past few months. We sent her to Kutterbul when school closed, at the earnest request of the pastor, who was anxious to have some special effort put forth for the women of his church. Fareeda was young to send,—she is in her seventeenth year,—and we placed her there with many anxieties ; but she has a winning way, and knows how to adapt herself to others' peculiarities, and seems not only to be beloved and respected by all, but to be doing much good. She has a school of a dozen girls, visits from house to house, has a Bible-class with the women sabbath noon, and a prayer-meeting with them every Thursday. It rejoiced me exceedingly to see what I did of spiritual progress, and to hear the pastor say, ' She has been a daughter in our family, and a sister to the women. We do not want to let her go back to school in the spring. Can you not promise her to us for another winter ? ' We do our summer work of teaching under many difficulties and discouragements ; but such testimonials to what our dear pupils are able to do in the winter more than compensate for all.

“ On our way home we stopped for a day at Darike, a large village of some two hundred and fifty houses, beautifully situated on the side of a mountain, and, like Mardin, looking down on the great Mesopotamian plain. The helper here was one of Mr. Williams's earlier pupils ; and this was the first time I had met Sadie, his pretty little wife. All through the afternoon and evening, the women crowded in to see me ; but, as only one of all who called knew Arabic, I had to talk with Sadie as interpreter. She herself is a real worker. Her four

children are well cared for : she has six or eight girls reading with her, and has a weekly meeting with the women, besides visiting them in their homes. She has many discouragements, however, and thinks she sees little fruit of her six years' labor there. Girls will come and read three or four months ; then their friends will convince them that it is a shame for a woman to read, and they will leave ; coming back again, perhaps, after a while. The women, too, are much more rude than most I have met : it was with difficulty that I insisted on refusing to let them inspect every article of my clothing ; and their manners need mending in various ways, judged even by Oriental standards. But a few come regularly to chapel services, and many others are brought, more or less directly, under the gospel influences.

"As there were urgent reasons for hastening our return, we left early the next morning. Our day's journey was twenty-seven miles ; and it was not far from sunset when we came through the gate of the city, and were welcomed back to our comfortable homes. Missionary touring has many keen enjoyments, as I proved almost every hour of my ten days' absence. It is good to meet the native brothers and sisters in their own homes, and separate places of worship ; and, even where the work is discouraging, there is a refreshment to one's own soul, in the very effort made to arouse others."

LETTER FROM MISS CLARKE.

WE are permitted to make the following extracts from private letters, written by Miss Ursula Clarke of Broosa, while journeying during the summer vacation.

"Since I have been travelling so much this summer, I have thought a good deal about those women who journeyed with Jesus, and can imagine how they looked, winding over the hills, and what real comfort they must have given him, 'ministering to him of their substance.'

"One of the pleasantest of these same mountain rides is on

the way to Kourdbeleng, at which place we arrived last Tuesday. Such a grand road as it is, up and down the steep sides, through leafy forests, and out at last on the brow of a hill, overlooking a long valley surrounded by lofty summits ! On the side of one of these, looking as if only a slight force were necessary to send it off into the plain below, was perched this little village. How you would have laughed at our cavalcade ! We ladies wore large white hat-covers, looking like Turkish women ; Nazrael had a child in a stout basket on either side of his horse. Garabet led the way, seated on a high load of bedding, stores, and the like ; and Mr. Parsons, similarly mounted, brought up the rear. Were we not glad on reaching Kourdbeleng to find two large rooms and a hall, in which we could walk about and rest ! To be sure, there was no glass in the windows ; but we only had the more fresh air, and put on shawls and waterproofs to keep warm during the night. On Thursday we walked about the village, whose streets are like flights of stairs, followed and stopped everywhere by flocks of children. I couldn't make them understand much ; but it was wonderful what a power singing had over them, even though they could not know the meaning of a word we said.

“ Thursday we went to Adabazar, of which you have doubtless read, as it has the banner church of this region. On the morning after our arrival, before we were awake, the father of my Zammick came to take me to his home ; and I had a delightful time going about to the different houses. The people all understood Turkish, so that I could talk to them to my heart's content ; and they were so bright and wide-awake, that there was great comfort in doing so. I saw only the Protestants : they had a congregation of some two hundred and fifty, crowded into a church built to accommodate half that number.

“ I have written you before of Chengiler, where one of the Marsovan boys was stoned a year ago. Now Protestantism is well established, a nice little chapel is building, and four fam-

ilies have formed a community which is recognized by the Government. There is a good pastor here, who seems thoroughly interested in the work, and is much liked by the people. Being an unmarried man, he cannot go into their houses : he was therefore greatly delighted to have us do so. We found everywhere pleasant people, especially the older women : they are all so strong and healthy from their out-door work. This is their busiest season, — the time for gathering the wheat, and preparing it for winter ; but we always found somebody at home to extend us hospitality.

“ In all these villages there is a little leaven, and we hope for good things this winter. In one of them I became very much interested in a girls’ school among the Armenians : it is one they started themselves, and has on its list nearly all the girls in the place who are considered of a suitable age to go to school. Most of them are married at twelve, and one very seldom after fifteen. The woman in whose house we live was engaged at five, and married at ten : she is a fine-looking old lady now. There is one of these ‘ old maids ’ of fourteen, whom I want very much to take with me to Broosa that she may be prepared to teach.

The great difficulty here is, that one must speak the name of Christ cautiously, as the people seem to despise him. I think I never realized before how little else there is in religion.”

VILLAGE INCIDENTS.

BY MRS. S. A. WHEELER.

I HAVE been touring with my husband, in the vicinity of Harpoot, for the last four weeks, during which time I have made more than a hundred calls, and held over thirty meetings with the women ; and I wish I could tell you all I have enjoyed. I always dread the starting ; but, when fairly in the midst of village work, I forget all the comforts of home, and, I might

almost say, the little ones left there : my whole heart becomes so interested in the crowds of women that gather about me. They seem very grateful to me for leaving my children to come and teach them, and sometimes say, " We fear you will get sick by coming to our cold rooms : you are not strong." I was once or twice amused at the simplicity of their prayers, in which they would tell God that I was not " a poor wanderer, without home or friends, going from place to place to get her bread. She has not come to get our gold or silver, but to tell us of Jesus." " If she has come from a far country to teach us, what ought we to do for ourselves ? " were the words of a priest's daughter to those who came to one of my meetings. I hope she is really born of the Spirit, although all her life taught to believe that she was renewed when baptized in infancy. You cannot know what an obstacle this doctrine is to the reception of the truth. It is held with a tenacity that is found only among a religious people ; but, when once convinced that baptism is not regeneration, they are ready to hear about repentance. I wish you could have seen some of the women who came to me the last day of my visit. The careless look and light laugh had passed away. Most of them had learned to read ; but they now felt that this was not enough.

" Hanum," said one, " what shall we do that we may have this love to Christ that you have told us about ? We are not satisfied that we can read : we want to have this peace and joy that comes from love in the heart. We fear, when you are gone, we shall lose these feelings and become careless again."

" You must go to Jesus," I replied : " he will stay with you ; he is ready to be the guest of each one, and has already sent his Holy Spirit into your hearts to show you your needs and the way to supply them."

" But how can I pray ? " said another : " I don't know how."

" Go to your heavenly Father just as your children come to you when they are hungry, and tell him just what you want.

He will send his Holy Spirit to help you: you need not go alone."

This seemed to satisfy her; but her earnest face is often before me, and I still hear the sad, plaintive tone in which she spoke. What joy to leave such "little ones" in the hands of Jesus! Is he not drawing them? Will any whom his Father has given him be lost?

My dear friends, as I have gone among the women this winter, I have been amazed to see how ready all classes are to receive the truth. True, some still cling to their old ways, and others are trying to patch the new with the old, which, for a time, will hinder their rapid progress; but, if Christ's words are true, the rent will be made worse, and the divine light will penetrate still deeper into the darkness. Women who never attend our services, and who shudder at the thought of being called "Prots," are really desiring a higher life. They are not satisfied with the mummeries of the old church, and begin to feel that we have something better and more substantial than is found with them. The priests have told them that we are false prophets, devouring wolves in sheep's clothing, who will make every effort to destroy them. Yet we often hear now, "Why do these people leave their homes and come here to instruct us? Is this like our priests, who keep saying 'Give, give,' and do us no good?"

Let me tell you how greatly we are strengthened by your efforts at home. This waking up of Christian women in America and England seems to me the bright harbinger of better days. Those who give will pray; and many are ready to give, when convinced that it is the Master's cause. What a blessed day that will be, when this world shall not only be girdled with prayer, but, from the remotest and darkest corners, the voice of praise and supplication shall be heard. It seems to me that the time is near, and ere long we may hope for other pentecostal seasons, when thousands will come to Christ.

AFRICA.

AN OLD ZULU WOMAN.

BY MRS. K. C. LINDLEY.

As I was talking with Mrs. Edwards, this evening, about "Life and Light," it came into my mind to tell its readers about a poor old woman, whom perhaps we should no longer call "poor" or "old," as she is to-day with Him who is no respecter of persons. But she was "poor and old," so very miserable and forlorn, — indeed, I cannot describe her to you, left, as she was, to wander about the streets, and not even wearing the scant garment of the younger women. Zulus have no particular delicacy of feeling, and often speak the whole truth when we should hold back part. Recently, one of the native pastors, in receiving an old, worn-out woman into the church, pointed to her and said, "How could we have a more wonderful evidence of God's love and condescension than this before us? To think, even such as she is received by the dear Lord!" To them it was not a hard speech, but only showed them Christ's great love; as they regard old women as outcasts, naked and worthless.

But this is a digression. This poor thing had been, in her young days, a beauty, — the well-beloved wife of a chief man in the country. During the wars he was killed; and she came here with her tribe, at the time of their flight from the Zulu king. When about fifty, as is the custom, she went to live with her eldest son. His home was near the Inanda Station; and she often heard of Jesus Christ, without the words making any special impression. At the time she came to the station, she was ill, and appeared to have lingering consumption. In her sickness, the Christian natives visited her; and it seemed as if light broke in upon her heart, even through the withered, dis-

eased body that held it. She felt deeply Christ's love for her, and mourned that she had but her last days to give him. She prayed and talked as you would never have believed possible for one with her darkened mind, pleading with and for her children.

One Sunday afternoon, in that low, dark hut, she lay on a mat, panting for breath, nothing but a blanket around her, the room full of smoke, a scene more of hell than of heaven; yet it was a scene for heaven. James, pastor of Inanda, and Thomas, of Esidumbini, came to her side, bringing a little water, and there she was baptized. No grand church with marble font; no pomp or show; just those men with their bowl of water, the dingy old hut, and the poorest — I was going to say the most revolting — of God's creatures, lying on the floor. Yet, "could any man forbid water that this be baptized?" Such was the question long ago: such was it that day. None forbade, and she was baptized. How I wish many in America could have witnessed that scene!

After that she lingered a short time, suffering and ill, patient and cheerful; and then she died. It would be but little use to tell what she said. The words of the faithful are the same all over the world; age, place, color, circumstances, affect nothing: "I know in whom I have believed." We are waiting to see her prayers for her children bear their fruit in its season. May the story of this poor old Zulu woman give you all a little more courage to go on in your work, feeling that no one is hopeless! The Lord, so full of pity, can send light into the hearts of all, whether white or black, old or young; for his love "passeth all understanding." Let us then work bravely on, —

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints of light:

"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son."

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

LETTERS have been received from Miss Sisson, who sailed from New York on the 2d of March, telling of her safe arrival in Madras, after a long, though very pleasant journey. The four ladies who formed their party were the recipients of many favors on the way, and among them was the opportune assistance of an English gentleman, physician to Queen Victoria, who showed them great kindness in Paris. He would accept no acknowledgment from them, saying only, "A compliment of the British Government to American missionaries." At Madras, Miss Sisson expresses great delight at meeting Mr. and Mrs. Capron, and Miss Smith, just starting for America, and adds, —

"Every thing seems delightful here, after the rush and noise of cars and steamers: flowers and trees were never so charming to my eyes before. I have never known days of such sweet peace and rest as these, in contemplation of my work. Surely no human being had ever greater reason for gratitude than I, that the dear Lord Jesus has taught me the preciousness of the privilege of laboring for him, while so many at home, better fitted for the work, are hesitating, and counting the cost. Oh, what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits!"

We commend the following, from Mrs. Allen of Harpoot, to every weary, doubting Christian in the land.

"Reports from many places speak of increased interest, where hitherto progress has been very slow. I visited, with Mr. Allen, two villages, where I held meetings with the women, at one of which one hundred and sixty were present, and at the other still more. The people of Sinamood have had a preacher with them for the first time this winter, and he seems to have been quite successful. During the week of prayer, they felt

that they were in a cold state, and that they must have the presence of the Spirit. On Saturday of that week, a few of them met together in the evening, and resolved that they would not leave the place till the Lord visited them with his reviving power. They continued their meeting four hours and a half, and the Lord did answer their prayers by pouring out his blessing upon them.

“ Christian sisters, we think that this winter’s experience has taught us a good lesson ; it is this : there is power in prayer that we have but just begun to realize. I believe that the success that has attended our work is, much of it, due to the simple faith of these people exercised in prayer. If you are feeling a lack of love to Christ in your hearts, if sinners are careless about their souls, and if your great desire is that the Lord come into your midst, pray, continue in supplication, and your request will be granted. He is faithful that promised.”

Mrs. Harding of the Mahratta Mission, in a recent letter, writes, —

“ There has been a marked religious interest in Bombay for the past few months. Rev. Mr. Taylor, an American Methodist evangelist, has been laboring there with great zeal and earnestness ; and many souls, to the number of several hundred, have embraced Christ, and are now rejoicing in him. A Methodist church has been formed, and the members are working with a warmth and ardor refreshing to see. It has been delightful to witness how personal effort has been crowned with success : the word spoken in trembling has been the word in season. Some of the native Christians feel that they have been quickened and strengthened by Mr. Taylor’s preaching in our little chapel ; and we hope, in time, that the blessed work among the Europeans may re-act upon the natives, leading them also to weep over their sins, and flee to Christ for refuge.”

Our Work at Home.

MAY MEETING.

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed hour, on the morning of May 30, Mount Vernon vestry was crowded with members and friends of the Woman's Board of Missions. Mrs. Albert Bowker, President, conducted the opening exercises; and, when the audience had joined in the doxology, Miss Abbie B. Child, Home Secretary, reported the condition of the home work.

Mrs. Homer Bartlett, Treasurer, reported receipts since January, \$20,458.20; \$1,600 of which was from female seminaries and Sunday schools, during the last two months. Mrs. Bartlett noticed the regular weekly contribution of fifty cents by a young woman who sustained herself by her needle, as a gift worthy of special honor; and remarking that while our work largely elicits youthful interest and self-denial, there are none so old but may engage heartily in it, read a letter from Rev. Father Cleveland, who had nearly completed his one hundredth year. His accompanying subscription of twenty-five dollars, for life-membership, proved to be his legacy; for just ere his century of time was filled out, he was called to enter upon the life which is immortal, and where one hundred years are but as a day.

Interesting letters were read by the Corresponding Secretaries, and reference was made by Mrs. Bowker to the earthquake at Antioch. A graphic description, by Miss Powers, of the fearful event, was read by Mrs. Gould, which called forth heartfelt gratitude for their remarkable preservation, and—

“He'll shield you with a wall of fire”

was here sung most appropriately. A very interesting item of missionary intelligence was given in a letter from Mrs. Wheeler of Harpoot, who described societies of the native women and children; among which may be found a "Morning Star" and a "Jacob's Well." The latter, besides watering the home field, is ambitious of sending a healing stream far into Africa; and by the contribution of ten dollars for a pupil in Mrs. Edwards's school, that society hopes during the year to become an auxiliary of the W. B. M.

It is impossible to transfer to paper the thrilling interest of the closing scene. The sweet voice of Mrs. L. E. Caswell led a quartet of ladies in singing the "Missionary's Call;" after which Mrs. Bowker introduced Mrs. Thompson of New Haven, and Miss Washburn of Medford, recently appointed by the American Board, and adopted as our missionaries. The brief remarks of each excited the warmest interest in their behalf; and when Mrs. Bowker, in the name of the society, tenderly and affectionately gave them the right hand of fellowship, the sympathies of the audience were still further enlisted, and the bond of union was complete, — a bond, we believe, never to be broken. The entire congregation here joined Mrs. Caswell in singing the "Missionary's Charge," —

"Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim;"

and then followed a long-to-be-remembered prayer of consecration for the missionaries and for those present; and thus, at the point of highest interest, the meeting closed.

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec.*

ALTHOUGH Miss West's continued ill-health deprives us of her presence, we are glad to know, through her verses on the following page, that the candle of the Lord is shining into her heart.

“Thou wilt light my Candle.”

BY MISS MARIA A. WEST.

LIGHT thou my candle, Lord !
It cannot shine,
So cold, so dark, so dead,
This heart of mine.

Thou art the Life, the Sun :
Oh kindle me !
That I may light impart,
A ray from thee.

Not burning slow and dim,
A sluggish spark ;
But strong and clear and bright,
Shine in the dark.

And let me brighter grow
With every night,
That I may point to thee,
Of life the Light.

Down in the heart's deep cave,
Where sin abides,
Pride, hate, and wrath, and fear
The darkness hides.

And none himself can know,
Amid this night,
Till thou thyself reveal ;
For Love is light.

And thou alone canst pierce
That darkness deep :
Lord, show myself to me,
That love may weep !

And when thy light within
Doth clearly shine,
The glory, Lord, shall be,
Not mine, but thine.

In Memoriam.

“DIED, at Château St. Laurent, Nice, France, on 15th May,

MARY REYNOLDS PAGE,

aged 44, wife of Hon. John B. Page of Rutland, Vt., U.S.A.”

We were startled by the reception of a Paris paper, in which appeared this sad intelligence. We mourn the loss of a beloved Vice-President of the Woman's Board, who heartily enlisted in our work from its commencement. While we rejoice in her “eternal gain,” we are truly bereaved; for she fell, not

“Like dropping flowers that no man noticeth,
But like a branch of some stately tree,
Rent in a tempest, and flung down to death,
Thick with green leafage. So that piteously
Each passer by that ruin shuddereth,
And saith, ‘The gap this branch has left is wide.’”

In July, 1871, she accompanied her family to Europe; a change of climate having been recommended for her failing health. At first she rallied; but, though last winter she grew worse, her death was very unexpected. One writes, “She was not conscious of dying till a few moments before she left us. Through all her long and terrible sickness, she was never heard to utter one impatient word. Her sick-chamber was the gate of heaven. She was ready for her crown.”

Intelligence, culture, benevolence, and religion, with position, lovely presence, and pleasing address, were so happily blended in her life, that she was eminently useful in the domestic circle, the community, and the church.

She was much interested in the young; was a constant attendant on the “Mothers’ Concert of Prayer;” and often went nearly two hundred miles to attend the quarterly meeting of the Union Maternal Association of Boston.

She was also distinguished for a deep missionary spirit, which was highly contagious. The Rutland Auxiliary was formed through her instrumentality, and constantly nurtured by her liberality and zeal. Fertile in invention, she suggested a plan for a State organization, that should embrace every Congregational church in Vermont; but her illness and premature death prevented the fulfilment of a purpose which her rare executive ability might otherwise have accomplished.

Her consecrated life, fruitful with words of kindness, deeds of love, holy zeal, missionary labors, and singleness of aim, remains a precious legacy to every Christian woman, stimulating her to emulate so noble an example.

“For though her earthly sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet, —
Bright, radiant, blest.”

EXTENSION OF OUR WORK.


LOOKING back upon the last few months, we can see a decided gain in the Home Department of our Society. Very substantial results of the winter's labor were made known to us through accounts of various annual meetings late in the spring. Prominent among them were those of the Philadelphia and New Haven branches, whose reports showed a goodly number of societies associated with them, and a large amount of work accomplished in their chosen fields. A pleasant interchange of greetings between them stimulated each to greater effort, while they were drawn together in the close sympathy of a common interest.

We think, too, that we have gained in the diffusion of information in regard to the Society. To extend this knowledge still more, we have been requested to publish our Quarterly "Life and Light," as often as once in two months. Two thousand additional subscribers will enable us to do so without burdening the treasury; and we know of no way in which individuals can better aid the work than by lengthening this subscription-list.

The work abroad has also steadily increased. Besides the adoption of several new missionaries, and the enlargement of some of our mission schools, we are about to establish a Home among the Dakota Indians. Co-operating with the American Board, we propose to furnish a place where young girls may obtain the rudiments of learning, and a practical domestic training that shall help them to civilize their comfortless homes.

 THE WEEKLY PLEDGE SYSTEM.

FOR any of our auxiliaries, or Mission-Circles, who may wish to adopt the weekly pledge system, we have prepared envelopes, which may be procured by application to the Secretary, W. B. M., Missionary House, Boston.

 Samples, with circular, furnished gratuitously.



WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE INTERIOR.

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WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

BY MRS. D. C. GREENE.

A LITTLE girl begins her school-life when she is five or six years old ; and, if she studies five years, her education is supposed to be something extraordinary, though she learns little else than reading and spelling. It is very rare to meet a woman who cannot read and write the common language of the people. Long before the little girls are old enough to go to school, they are taught to do much to relieve their mothers from care.

Babies, from the time they are a month old, are strapped to the backs of their elder sisters, and go with them wherever they

go. It is not an uncommon thing that the baby carrying looks but little larger than the one carried. With these little ones on their backs, the children run about, play battledore and shuttlecock, or any thing they please, without suffering any apparent inconvenience from their burden. Once in a while you hear a cry : then the sister hops up and down to the great satisfaction of the baby, who is quiet almost immediately.

Another lesson that little girls must learn before they learn from books, is to pay great deference to the eldest brother. He is always to be addressed as “ni-san,” about the same as Mr. Brother, we should say. It is important for *him* to obey his parents ; but how much more so for her, being a girl !

Though women here are treated much more kindly than in many heathen countries, they are continually made to feel that they are much inferior to men. In one of their books, the husband is compared to the heaven, and the wife to the earth under his feet. In another, he is called the day, and she the night : for, no matter how cloudy the day may be, in the deepest recesses it is light ; but in the night, if the moon shine ever so brightly, there are still dark spots. At another time these women are told, that, though they may have every beauty, grace, and virtue, they are still inferior to the lowest men that can be found. If a man walks out with his wife during day, which he is rather ashamed to do, she always walks behind him like a servant. If they go out at night, she walks before with the lantern, to light the path of her lord. When they have guests, the woman meekly waits at the table, and afterwards takes her meals alone.

A short time since, a relative of one of our servants died. He was the head of a family ; and, as he had been ill for months, the family had depended upon the wife and mother for support. Since she was thus able to care for herself, she thought it probable that she should never marry again ; and so, at the time of the funeral, she stood close by the burial-place. Had her intentions

been different, she would have waited at a distance : for, as Mr. Greene's teacher told me, a widow with a family of children, who finds it difficult to support them, is at liberty to call another husband, to become the head of her house ; and, in all such cases, the husband takes the name of the wife.

As we were returning from church, a few sabbaths ago, we were greatly amused to see a woman with a large doll closely folded in her bosom, as the Japanese women carry their babies. We could not quite understand it, until we were told that it was quite a common thing that women who have no children frequently buy large dolls, dress them, and care for them as if they were children, often spending much money for them.

These women, who interest us so much in many ways, know as yet nothing of the Bible and the blessings it brings. We hope that before many months have past we shall have full liberty to tell them all we long to about our Saviour.

CEYLON.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL NEAR BATTICOTTA.

BY MISS H. A. HILLIS.

Soon after returning from Oodoopitty, I learned, while visiting in a fisher village a mile north of the station, that some of the people were willing to have their girls taught, and that the only Christian woman there was willing to teach.

There was no bungalow in the village ; and the mud veranda in front of the teacher's house was too small, and its covering of palmyra leaves was too thin and dry, to afford much protection from the sun and rain. But, by the hedge of the compound, stands a remarkably fine mango tree ; and in its shade it was decided that the children could be taught till the rainy season. I promised, that, if the school should be a success, I would then assist the teacher in enlarging and covering her veranda.

The school commenced the latter part of May. Fifteen girls were brought in the first day, and the number has gradually increased to thirty-six. All have not been present regularly, the average daily attendance being only twenty-two ; but, if they come occasionally, we gain a hold upon them which we hope never to lose. It gives an excuse for going often to their homes ; and, if we are watchful and faithful, I hope permanent impressions may be made.

It is very difficult to keep up this girls' school. Teaching is the least part of the teacher's work. She is obliged to hire a boy, giving him one-fifth of her salary, to bring in the girls each day. Often when I go in the morning, I find the husband, son, and paid helper, all out calling, persuading, almost compelling. It is not the fault of the children. I never had more eager learners, nor received warmer greetings, than these little brown-faced maidens give me as they run in the gate, and sit down in the sand or on the roots of the tree. Nor would I dare blame their mothers. Their burdens are heavy, and no wonder if they are unwilling to release their children from their share of them. No less than seven of the girls, varying in age from eight to twelve years, bring the babies regularly to school, and through the long hours scarcely have them out of their arms a moment. While standing up to recite, they hold the little, clinging burdens ; or, while writing in the sand with one hand, with the other they soothe or amuse them. The mothers of some of them go to the bazaar early in the morning, and do not return till night. Their children can come all day ; while those who have other work can only come occasionally. Some, with baskets of grain, or sticks for the fire, or huge bundles of grass on their heads, drop their burdens at the gate, run in for a lesson, and then go back to their work. Some watch the flocks of goats, others pull grass all day long, and some go with their mothers to the fields. During harvest and the palmyra season, I ask the mothers to spare them half an hour, or even a shorter time.

Sometimes the teacher sends one who has read a few more lessons than the absent ones to give them a lesson. I always carry a book when I visit in the village; and, if I meet the children on the way or at their homes, have them read.

Including the combinations, there are over two hundred letters in the Tamil alphabet; and it is no easy matter to teach such little, careless, ignorant creatures to read and write them. The teacher, with her fingers, writes the letters in the sand, speaking the name. The children, repeating the name in concert, write the character. After some progress has been made, the letters are written on strips of "ola" (palmyra-palm leaves), and one is given to each for a copy. I found some copies of the alphabet that were printed when Mr. Hunt was at Madras among some old papers at the Depository, which have been quite useful. I pasted them on cloth, and hung them on nails driven into the trunk of the tree; and, with a blackboard suspended in the same way, our schoolroom is well furnished.

The most I hope to do is to teach them to read and write, and give them some knowledge of arithmetic and geography. The customs of the country do not allow girls to go alone out of their houses after they reach the age of twelve or fourteen, unless they enter the boarding-schools, where they are under as strict surveillance as at home. So their time for study is very short. I try to give, and to have the teachers give, just such religious instruction as a Christian mother or sabbath-school teacher would give in America. They commit to memory the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and a small catechism containing the simple fundamental truths of the Bible, and declaring the falsity of many of the principal Hindoo ideas. They commit verses and hymns more readily, I think, than children in America; and, though it is difficult to teach them our Western music, they sing the Christian lyrics with all the enthusiastic delight which children at home take in their sabbath-school songs. The Madura Mission has published a large number of these lyrics:

and last year four young men were sent from Jaffna to learn them. After coming back, they were employed in the schools ; and now a great many of the children sing the easier ones, and thus carry the truth, we hope, into many homes that might not otherwise be reached.

TURKEY.

ZEITON.

ZEITON is a town of Central Turkey, containing about twelve thousand inhabitants. It lies in the most inaccessible part of the Taurus mountains, a location chosen by its first settlers, who were nominal Christians, for greater security from their enemies, the Turks.

The town is literally founded upon a rock. This rock is in shape much like an orange quarter, of which the cut side is more than three hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular. The houses are upon the winding side, and cover it completely from top to bottom. Not a vacant lot, not an empty corner, is left ; nor is there a single green spot of grass, much less a garden or a flower-bed, in the whole town ; but the roof of one house affords the only yard for that next above it. And the houses slant so close together, that a person may go from one end of the town to the other almost without leaving the roofs.

The streets are very narrow, the widest of them not exceeding six feet ; and many of these, even, are arched over and have rooms built upon them. From the top to the bottom of the rocky hill there are twenty-eight rows of houses, with these narrow lanes between. Water is scarce, and filth abounds. Scarcely any provision is made for the demands of cleanliness, or even of decency ; and the odors, as well as the sights, resulting from such a lack, can scarcely be imagined.

Of the inhabitants, what could be expected but the most dire ignorance and degradation? Probably not a hundred men in the whole town can read understandingly, and not a single woman.

There are seven large churches, and more than a score of priests. But these last, though they have always had the Bible in their own hands, yet have never taught it to the people themselves, and have fiercely and persistently resisted all efforts made by others to teach them. But light is entering their city, nevertheless, and there is already a community of fifty Protestants there, and even their women are beginning to inquire for the truth. These poor Protestants here have built a small chapel, and now are asking for help, and seeking for instruction, though as yet they scarcely know what the new way is, in which they are almost blindly groping after light.

Who will help the Protestants of Zeitoon? Who will send a Bible-reader to those ignorant women? They will listen, *and they may be saved.*

AFRICA.

A MONTHLY CONCERT OFFERING.

MRS. PINKERTON writes from Umtwalumi, South Africa, under date of March 4:—

“Last evening was our monthly concert. One of our natives made an offering of a *snuff-spoon*, cut out of bone.

“These people use great quantities of snuff, and always carry these spoons in their hair, as also many other things which they wish to preserve. This spoon was made on purpose for the missionary contribution. Mrs. Wilder intends to send it to the Woman’s Board, to be sold for their benefit.”

Home Department.

INDORSEMENT OF OUR WORK.

THE subject of Women's Work for Missions has recently been presented before those State associations of the interior which hold their annual meetings during the spring and early summer. The following preamble and resolution, adopted by the Illinois association, illustrates the cordial indorsement which our cause receives, not only from the representatives of the churches in this State, but also in the other States of this region.

"Whereas the Woman's Boards of Missions connected with our denomination have achieved a marked success in their work, and are developing the activities of the female membership of our churches, aiding in the growth of systematic benevolence, and enlarging our sympathies and interest in foreign missions; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we, pastors and delegates do heartily indorse this movement, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure the formation and efficiency of societies auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior."

OUR WORK AMONG THE CHURCHES.

LADIES' missionary meetings, under the auspices of the W. B. M. I., have been held in connection with the annual meetings of the State associations; and reports from those in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa have been received by the secretaries.

These meetings have been attended with unusual interest the present season ; for which we are indebted, in large measure, to our missionary friends, Mrs. Tyler of the Zulu Mission, South Africa, Mrs. Barnum of Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, and Rev. Mr. Walker, formerly of the Gaboon Mission, Africa, one or more of whom were present at all these gatherings. Much valuable aid, too, was afforded by secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M., who heartily second our efforts to enlist all our churches in this work.

In Ohio plans seem to have been most fully matured for attaining this end.

The idea of organizing a State society was suggested at the meeting at Marietta ; but it was finally decided that the appointment of an executive committee, who should have in charge the work of communicating with the churches, and of making arrangements for a ladies' meeting, to be held at the time of the next session of the General Conference, would secure the chief ends sought.

A circular was prepared, and adopted by the ladies present at the meeting, to be forwarded, with notes from the ladies to whom this duty was intrusted, to the Congregational churches throughout the State.

This circular includes a form of constitution for auxiliaries, explains the plan of collecting by envelopes, recommends increased effort to extend the circulation of "Life and Light," and requests each lady into whose hand it comes to report her success in interesting others within a specified time.

Already we have received some accessions to the number of our auxiliaries as the result of interest awakened at these meetings ; and we would express our thanks to the ladies who have so efficiently and faithfully presented our claims in the different States, and stimulated so many to fresh zeal and enterprise in behalf of this cause.

RECEIPTS FOR 1872.

THE Treasurer of the W. B. M. I. reports the receipts for the quarter ending June 30, as \$3,415.40, — exceeding by nearly \$800 the amount received the previous quarter. Our receipts since the first of last January, when we pledged ourselves to endeavor to raise fourteen thousand dollars during the year, have been a little over \$6,000.

In order that we may make up the full amount at which we aim, we must raise \$2,000 more during the coming six months than has been paid into the treasury during the first half of the year. Cannot each one aid in this work, by increasing her own subscription, or enlisting some friend who has not yet become interested in the cause, or by effecting the organization of a new auxiliary?

HOW A MISSION-CIRCLE WAS FORMED.

I HAVE been asked many times to tell the story of the Wright Mission-Circle, and it is always a pleasure to do so; not that we have done any thing remarkable, but, if our humble efforts afford examples or suggestions of use elsewhere, our success will be greater even than our hopes, so true it is, —

“The Master’s love perceives,
Not what we did, but what we strove to do;
And, though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
He will accept our sheaves.”

The energies and resources of our church had been taxed to the utmost in completing a new house of worship; and, when the claims of the W. B. M. I. came to our notice, it did not seem a favorable time to organize for mission-work.

But we were sadly reminded that “the time is short.”

A beloved mother in the church (Mrs. Deacon Wright) was called suddenly away. Not one, perhaps, in all the loving sisterhood, would have been as much missed. Always diligent and watchful, every scheme of Christian benevolence claimed her sympathy and active co-operation. Such a life passes not with the fleeting breath: fragrant of good deeds, it lives in blessed memory forever.

Of the many who had taken sweet counsel with the dear lost friend, one remembered that the mission-cause had been very near her heart; and when she asked, with all too little faith, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the answer came, as if it had been an inspiration, "Teach our girls in mission-work, ay, to *be* missionaries if God wills."

In July, 1870, a meeting of the young misses of the sabbath school was called, a society organized, and, in tender remembrance of dear Mrs. Wright, named the "Wright Mission-Circle of the First Congregational Church, Janesville."

A brief constitution was adopted, and officers chosen, with an older lady to take a general oversight. With true youthful enthusiasm, no time was lost, but busy fingers were soon at work preparing useful and fancy articles for sale.

In December a fair was held; and from time to time little entertainments have been given, and between one and two hundred dollars raised for missionary purposes.

The last work has been the preparation of a quantity of patchwork for the use of mission sewing-schools. This has been sent, together with a Singer sewing-machine, to Mrs. De Reimer in Ceylon.

The society numbers about thirty paying members, with a growing interest, not merely in the work of raising money, but in true missionary service.

A. B.

JANESVILLE, WIS., April 26, 1872.

ADOPTION OF MISSIONARIES.

MISS E. A. CLAGHORN of North Evans, N.Y., now under appointment by the A. B. C. F. M. as a missionary to Foo Chow, China, and Miss J. G. Evans of Brooklyn, N.Y., under appointment for the mission to North China, have recently been adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior, and expect to leave this country early in the autumn.

RETURN OF MISSIONARIES.

WE regret to announce the return of Miss Mary A. Thompson of Peking, China, to her home in Wisconsin, on account of prolonged ill-health.

Miss Beach and Miss Hollister, who have been connected with missions in Turkey, have also arrived in this country, hoping that change and rest may renew their strength and ability to labor.

ANNUAL MEETING.

OUR friends will bear in mind, that the Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. I. is to be held in Rockford, Ill., Nov. 7.

Let each auxiliary appoint its delegates, and forward its reports, without waiting for further notice.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR subscription-list still shows neglect, on the part of many of our friends, to make their annual payment for the quarterly. We urge immediate attention to the subject. All who receive the present number, and have not paid for the current year, are requested at once to remit the amount due to Secretary, W. B. M., Missionary House, 33 Pemberton Square, Boston.

Notice of a wish to discontinue the subscription should be sent to the same address.



SEPT.

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

1872.

HARPOOT HELPERS.

BY MRS. WHEELER.

DEAR CHILDREN, — Would you like to hear about a fair held here, the other day, by our two Harpoot missionary societies, the “Star of the Morning” and “Jacob’s Well”? Their object was to raise money to help purchase a bell for the chapel in the west part of the city; and they need one badly enough, as most of the people have no clocks, and often come late to service because they don’t hear the striking of the steel, used to call them together.

The little sale was arranged in the garden of the mission premises. Eddie and Willie put up a tent to entertain the crowd of boys, by selling them pictures, cakes, and a few other things; while the pupils of the Female Seminary acted as saleswomen among the women and girls. I am sure you would have been very much amused if you could have looked in upon our little bazaar, which consisted of an arbor with a grape-vine

over it, with the front enclosed by the desks from the girls' school. Inside hung sacks, babies' bonnets, aprons, bibs, bows made of pieces of silk or bright woollen goods, shirt-bosoms, stockings, and pen-wipers, with Easter eggs, and cakes, and a variety of pictures cut from "*Harper's Weekly*" and other papers that find their way here from the home land. William, Prince of Orange, and Mary his queen, Horace Greeley and his home, the Prince Royal of Prussia and Victoria's daughter, with many others, were considered real prizes, and we had not enough to supply the demand. One little girl brought back a very pretty landscape, saying, "I wish a picture with some people on it." Children here can appreciate animals and faces when beautiful scenery has no charms for them. I often take a simple picture and color it, which greatly enhances its value to them, although to me its beauty may be marred.

We obtained in this way about seventeen dollars. Perhaps you will think it a small sum ; but it is a large one for these women and children to give : and it is not the money so much we seek, as to teach them to do for others. So we hope we are making progress ; and when "*Jacob's Well*" is full, and the "*Stars of the Morning*" shine in full radiance, we shall know that the sun will soon come, and bring in the perfect day.

Dear little friends, you will see that we are trying to send back our "*Echo*" to you, or, rather, to be in such a position that we shall hear your songs of praise, and send them echoing back over mountain, sea, and ocean. Often when our feet are way-worn and weary, we are encouraged by the thought that you are asking God to help us. Pray on, children ! Let us all have some full sheaves to carry to the Master when Gabriel shall send forth the last shrill call which will summon all to appear before Him who shall sit upon the great white throne, and before whom every knee shall bow.

PRAYING AMIE'S SHEAVES.

BY MISS SEYMOUR.

THOSE of our little readers who remember Amie's prayers, of which Miss Seymour told us in the "Echoes" for June, will be glad to know that God has granted her what she asked for others, as well as for herself.

"I have just been over to the other part of the city to see our Amie, who is teaching school there during the winter vacation of five months. I went in answer to the following letter which we received last week : —

" 'MY MODEST, LABOR-LOVING TEACHERS,— In my school there has been an awakening. The Holy Spirit is constantly with us, and I believe he has come to revive the hearts of the children. When at noon I dismiss them they do not play : they spend all the time praying, and they weep from the oldest to the youngest. When, after an hour, it is time to open school again, I come that I may teach ; but I see that they pray, they weep. Then, standing outside the door, I also weep, and think how much love the dear Christ has for sinners. When they stop praying I come within, and I ask, "Why do you weep?" They say, "We weep on account of Jesus, because he died for our sins." And in my heart there is great joy because the Holy Spirit has come to these little ones. I believe that the All-Powerful One is giving answers to my prayers. I entreat that you, my beloved teachers, and the other missionary ladies, pray that the Holy Spirit leave us not.'

"You may imagine we were very glad to get this note, and to-day I thought I would go over and visit the school. Amie was much pleased to see me ; and I sat down on the floor, and, calling the dear children around me, talked with them for some time. After singing 'There is a happy land,' and 'I want to be an angel,' I came home, gratified with what I saw and heard from parents and children of Amie's teaching."

MISSION-CIRCLES.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

MAINE.

Ellsworth. — "Prayer Circle," \$3.93; "Cup Bearers," 99c.; "Young Reapers," 75c.

Whiting. — Earnings of four little boys, 55c.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Exeter. — "Cheerful Givers," \$2.

Keene. — Arthur D. Osborne's Missionary Hen, \$2.50.

Portsmouth. — "Roger's Mission Circle," \$30.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston. — Central Church, "Willing Hearts and Willing Hands," \$13.85; "Eughapers," \$5.75; Old South Church, "Stoddard Mission Circle," \$10; "Mt. Vernon Mission Circle," \$344.37; Doll's Fair, Miss Vida Scudder, \$45.

Boston Highlands. — Missionary Boxes of Emma and Isabel, \$1.30.

Cambridge. — Shepard Church Sabbath School, "Willing Helpers," \$5.

East Braintree. — "Monatiquot Circle," \$45.

Hopkinton. — "Little Workers," \$6.

Jamaica Plain. — "Wide-awakes," \$65.

Malden. — "Star Circle," \$125.

Newburyport. — North Church Mission Circle, \$60.

Peabody. — Congregational Sabbath School, \$75.

Winchester. — "Seek and Save Society," \$126.

CONNECTICUT.

Darien. — "Busy Bees," \$5.

Milford. — Earnings of five little girls, \$1.

Putnam. — "Mission Workers," \$5.

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn. — "Armstrong Mission Circle," \$55.

Crown Point. — "Willing Hearts," \$18.50; Doll Rosy's Fourth of July, \$7.28.

Rensselaer Falls. — Mrs. G. A. Rockwood's Sabbath-school Class, \$2.

Warsaw. — Children's Sewing Circle, \$56.01.

MINNESOTA.

Faribault. — Lilly L. Frink, \$2.25.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

"Orange-Buds," \$10.

THE UNION WORKERS.

"THE UNION WORKERS" is the name of a society of young girls in New Bedford, — an outgrowth of the auxiliary there, but acting independently soon after its formation.

At once its members commenced work, with all the enthusiasm of young hearts; and their labors finally culminated in a sale. At first they aspired to nothing more than a parlor fair; then a small hall was engaged, each member pledging herself to sell a certain number of tickets. In three days so many tickets were disposed of that it was found necessary to secure one of the largest halls in the city; and the "Union Workers'" sale proved one of the most entertaining festivals of the season. Besides a fine display of fancy articles, and a well-conducted refreshment room, the occasion was enlivened with charades and tableaux. Of course the Workers were assisted by their friends; but it was wholly a young girls' affair, continuing two afternoons and evenings, and yielding two hundred and fifty dollars to their treasury.

MONATIQUOT CIRCLE.

A most enjoyable occasion took place in East Braintree at the Monatiquot school, where friends gathered to attend a fair, held in behalf of the Woman's Board of Missions. There were dialogues by the young ladies, some of whom dressed in costume; and Rev. Josiah Tyler, from South Africa, addressed the girls, speaking of the points of resemblance between the Zulu and Hindoo religions. A few Zulu hymns were sung by missionary children from Africa; and then all adjourned, either to the cool, pleasant grounds, or to the parlors, to examine the marks of industry by the girls.

A delicious repast awaited the friends after the fair, and all left well pleased with their visit. We wish that many might inspire their pupils with the same interest; and this shows what others might do to promote the good cause.

A DOLL'S MISSIONARY FAIR.

Who would have thought that dolls — pretty, speechless, brainless things — could be made to do missionary work? None but their dear little mammas, of course; but so it is. Dolly's missionary boxes, here and there, are collecting the stray pennies; and, catching the spirit of the times, there was held in Boston, the other day, a doll's missionary fair. Miniature cushions, tidys, sacks, hoods, — indeed, every thing the most fastidious of dolls could wish for their wardrobes or house-keeping, covered the tables. Tiny tickets admitted the merry purchasers, whose delight overflowed at the pretty sight; while the grave young sellers displayed their wares after the most approved style of modern fairs.

And now there is going across the ocean to the "Jacob's Well" and "Star of the Morning," of whose noble efforts Mrs. Wheeler has told us in another page, the request that the money raised by this little sale may help them to buy the bell for which they long so much. So the Good Father makes thousands of miles as a very little thing, that children and grown people in Harpoot and Boston may work together for him.

ANNUALS.

THERE are a few of our mission-circles that we call annuals. Lovely flowers they are, blossoming on the sunny side of some of our stanch old churches, sending out beauty and fragrance all about them. We have named them annuals, because for the last two years, with the opening spring, they have shown us the shining fruits of the winter's labors, on the variegated tables of their different sales.

Earliest among them, when the crocuses were just peeping up through the snow, was the Mount Vernon Circle of Boston, which seems to be imbued with true missionary spirit. Its members don't forget it, though removed to a distant town. One little fellow, who is working with all his might, a hundred miles away from Boston, to earn money to go to school some day, yet remembers to send his pennies, year by year, to the dear mission-circle. With a few such child-workers, and older ones just as active, of course they had a delightful sale. Flowers, fancy articles, and refreshments made the place attractive; kind patrons rendered it profitable, and, perhaps, the means of saving some soul in the far-off land of India.

Next in order, when the delicate mayflowers were beginning to open their sweet petals on the quiet hillsides, came another sale in Central Church, Boston, for which four mission-circles had been preparing during the winter. As the day to which they had been looking forward drew near, their little hearts were full of excitement. Tickets were sold by hundreds; fond mammas and older friends could have no rest, till they were doing something for "our fair" and "our missionary;" and many a bright eye sparkled when the amount raised was announced to be six hundred and sixty dollars.

Last, though not least, when the apple-trees were crowned with their wealth of blossoms, the same tidings reached us from the Seek and Save Society, Winchester. More like a festival than a fair, much of the time was spent in social enjoyment. One room was devoted to foreign curiosities, from which issued, now and then, young girls dressed in strange heathen costumes, seeming to bring the reality of their work before them. The result of the pleasant evening was an amount of money more than sufficient to pay what was due of their missionary's salary.

So may the seeds of interest dropped from the ripened plant spring up each year, till every member of these circles shall become a fadeless flower in the Saviour's garden.

The Best Use of a Penny.

SHOULD you wish to be told the best use of a penny,
I'll tell you a way that is better than any.
Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to expend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it.
Come, listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
Of some poor little children far over the seas.

Their color is dark, for our God made them thus ;
But he made them with bodies and feelings like us :
A soul, too, that never will die, has been given ;
And there's room for these children with Jesus in heaven.
But who will now tell of such good things as these
To the poor little heathen far over the seas ?

Little boys in this land are well off indeed :
They have schools every day, where they sing, write, and read ;
To church they may go, and have pastors to teach
Them the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach.
Yet, sad to remember, there are few of these
For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Oh ! think, then, of this, when a penny is given :
"I can help a poor child on his way home to heaven ;"
Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve,
Nor scorn e'en the mite, if 'tis offered in love.
And, oh ! when in prayer you to him bend your knees,
Remember the children far over the seas.

Selected.

Can any of our little friends find a better use for *their* pennies than to send the Saviour's kind message to the thousands of children "far over the seas."

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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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